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BY R. T. VAN HORN.

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WAYSIDE DREAM.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brain;
I see no more the Danube
Sweep through the royal plain—
I hear no more the peasant girl
Singing amid the grain!
Soft silvery wings, a moment
Seem resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water.
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking bird and oriole
Are sitting on the bough!
The elm and dark branches
Droop close and dark overhead,
And the foaming forest-brooklet
Leaps down its rocky bed;
Be still, my heart! the seas are passed—
The paths of home I read!
The showers of creamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the forest leaves,
All the bright summer day.
Old playmates! bid me welcome
Amid your brother band,
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grass of hand—
I worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my Fatherland!

LIFE IN THE DESERT: OR, HOW A PANTHER FELL IN LOVE WITH A FRENCH SOLDIER.

During the enterprising expedition into upper Egypt, by General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was thence carried into the desert, beyond the confines of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon he regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bit of grain, and with a scimitar, started off, in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged his weary horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept, without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor; for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire. There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness; God in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul.

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wildernesses sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his head. With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy, he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by piles of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palm woods furnished him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Napoleon Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against wild beasts, which would come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palm. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortification during the day. Towards evening the mighty tree he was cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

Like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertion and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and

listened—and amid the deep silence, he heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical illusion produced by his own earnest gaze; but as the rays of the moon earned the chinks of the cave he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger, or crocodile, but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening in the grotto, its beams lighted the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! The lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a greynose dog. Her eyes, which opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned towards the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy thro' the head; but he saw there was not room enough for that; the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence, but the breath of the panther and the beating of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin made him relinquish the project. To attempt her destruction, and fail would be instant death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

"She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awaken in hunger."

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was of a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots like velvet, formed pretty bracelets round her paws—her large muscular tail was beautiful white, terminated by black rings; and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on nervous convulsed jaws, from which her long white molars spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe; but alone, and in her power, it was a different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rising with increasing danger, but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead as he saw the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws and gasped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears like a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaitery and courage returning—"she does her toilet handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—"Come, let us wish each other good morning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixidity of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved toward him. With great boldness and presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him, he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but deep and strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave like a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed, he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against him like an affectionate kitten. "She requires a great deal of attention," said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat; and perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sulama of the desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that, to kill her with one blow, he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose—but at that moment she crouched down at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree, eating some dates, and casting his eye anxiously around the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with some nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

"Will she be so when she gets hungry?" thought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high and four feet long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the panther reigned there; but there was like something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She had her bill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself beside her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, rolled her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it into her throat, but he was still held by the fear that the animal would kill him in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert, she seemed to him like a friend—his admiration of her beauty, gentleness, graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day, he had become so familiar with her dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with his evening peril. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called "Mignonne."

"She will not awaken in hunger."

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was about to devour me! I plunged my dagger into her neck. She purred and rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow, but looked mildly at me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours after, weeping by the side of her dead body.

"Ah, well!" said he, after a mournful silence. "I have been the wars of Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France, but I never saw anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!"

"What feelings did it excite?" asked I. "Feelings that are not to be spoken," said the soldier, solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of palm-trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad. In the desert there is every thing, and there is nothing."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I cannot tell," he said, impatiently. After a pause, he added, "God is there without man."

DAN MARBLE'S MONKEY.

Before a great while there will come tumbling from the press of a couple of our city publishers (Dewitt & Davenport, to wit) a Biographical Sketch of that famous and divine humorist, the Game Cock of the Wilderness, the late Dan Marble, who by that farous penman Falconbridge, here, you will find it just as we give it to you here.

Marble attended a circus performance one night in St. Louis, and feeling like doing or saying something that would have a pint to it, Dan looked around to see who would furnish the raw material for something racy. In front of Dan sat a gentleman who might venture to believe himself to be a Jew made and sold store clothes, his hair had lately been tipped and greased by a tonsor, and there was no kind of doubt in Dan's mind but that this object was of the full bloom genius, Hoosier. As Marble came in the circus folks were doing that remarkable (1) new (1) and ingenious act of monkey-shaking, Dandy Jim on horseback! The monkey was dressed up mighty spry, and very large for his size. Says Dan, without his discourse to anybody in particular, but giving his eye a cork-screw-twist towards Sam Waters, who sat a seat or two below the hoosier—

"Hoosier! but that's a smart boy!"

The hoosier looked around at the speaker to see who he was addressing, but finding Dan's eyes still intent on the show, let him slide.

"Well, I sowed that is a smart boy. I'd like to own that little nigger, by the under!"

The hoosier again faced around quarantining, and kind of pitying Dan's apparent innocence, says he—

"That's not a boy, mister."

"I'm cussed!" continued Dan, without letting on he had heard the hoosier's remark, "I should like to have that boy!"

"He—!" says the hoosier, "ain't a boy; it's a monkey!"

"Monkey be—!" says Dan, with most elaborate sincerity. "You must think little folks are green."

"Well, I'm cussed if you ain't green—green as pizen, stranger, if you say that's a nigger!"

"I do say it's a nigger, now," says Dan, jangling his fist into his pocket. "I'll bet you drinks for a crowd it's a nigger!" he continued.

"You will!" says hoosier; well, I kiver that, and go the heft of my pile over that," says he.

"Who'll we leave it to?"

"Wall, you may leave it to anybody. 'Spose you leave it to that gentleman," (pointing to Waters) says Dan.

"I don't keer a cent who you leave it to," says the hoosier, and taps Sam (who had kept the run of the thing) on the shoulder, saying—

"Stranger, excuse us but jest please step out this way, we've got a bait, we want you to decide. Now, sir, this man here says he'll bait me drinks for a hull party that monkey thar on the hoss is a nigger boy!"

"Well!" says Sam.

"Wall says the hoosier, staring at Sam, what d'ye say?"

"Why a—of course it's a nigger boy!" says Sam, with the gravity of an entire Sabbath school condensed.

The Indiana gentleman went through the operation of holding his breath for two minutes, his eyes enlarging upon Waters during that period, then says he:

"Come right up to the trough, fetch along all your friends and acquaintances—every d— you can skeer up—I'm ready to pay for the drinks, willingly, for I never expect to live to see two such fools in one evening—NO HOW!"

DISCRETION VS. VALOR.—During the war of 1812, it chanced that an invasion was expected in the town of Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The spirit of the times had previously manifested itself in militia gatherings and organizations, and the individual who had undertaken to discipline the militia in the art of war was one Capt. Tinker, who had advanced his company to a high state of theoretical practice, through the aid of broomsticks and corn-stalks, interspersed here and there with a rusty old Queen's arm. Well, several ferocious and determined parades were made, in anticipation of the enemy's advent. Balls were cast, guns scoured, flint-picked, and the troops were set to work in digging a trench which should command the entrance of the river, under the supervision of Col. S—, who was a veteran of the Revolution. It was not long before some gun-bots were sent approaching, closely followed by two English frigates; and as they came within range a shot or two was fired. The troops were all duly entrenched, and thrust through their embankment the muzzles of two culverins, fully charged with death-dealing material, stood grinning grim defiance, to for-

ign invasion, and awaiting the charge. But at this juncture, the dauntless captain was nowhere to be found. The valiant Colonel had ridden up and down the line in search of him; but at length he espied in the distance a dirt-covered hat bubbling up and down occasionally from the ground, whose continuations were evidently busily engaged in finding the bottom of a deep hole. In the summer-rage of passion, the Colonel rode up to the spot, and exclaimed: "What the devil are you doing in that hole, Capt. Tinker? Why are you not at the head of your troops?" "Troops be d—!" replied the Capt. "It's their business to take care of themselves; this is my hole; I dug it last night, and the cursed Britishers can't hit me if they kin—let em shute! Let the troops get under their sandbank if they don't want to get hit; they've got one!" Wasn't this an exhibition of the "better part of valor" in a commanding officer?

A PACK OF CARDS.—A nobleman in the city of London who kept a great number of servants reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gambler. Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched; when behold a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared persist in an oath? "My Lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of cards; the bundle found in my pocket is my Almanac." "Your Almanac, indeed! then I desire you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, that imitate the four quarters in the year; and there are thirteen cards in each suit, and there are thirteen weeks in a quarter. The twelve court cards call to my remembrance the twelve months that compose the year, and the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year. There are fifty-two cards in a pack, that directly answers the number of weeks in a year. Examine them more minutely, and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year. These multiply by twenty-four, and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year. Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you that it is my Almanac; and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it by my Prayer Book also. I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions; Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Paganism. The twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve articles of the Christian faith. The King reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The Queen of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven, the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their crimes. The nine reminds me of the nine muses and the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes, the eight autitudes, the eight persons saved in Noah's ark, the eight persons mentioned in the scriptures to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven ministering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven seals wherewith the book of life is sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; and the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man; hearing, seeing, feeling, and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists; and the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three hours the Savior was on the cross; and the three days he layed in the tomb. The two reminds me of the two testaments; the two contrary principles struggling among men, virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, and worship and serve; one only faith to believe; one truth to practice; and one good master to serve and obey." So far is very well, said the nobleman; but I believe you have omitted one card, the knave."

"True, my lord; the knave reminds me of your lordship's intimates." The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged his intimer.

THE DWELLERS IN THE ALPS.—Mr. C. L. Brace, whose imprisonment and adventures in Hungary have placed him prominently before the American public, within the past few months, writes as follows to the *Hartford Times*, in regard to the people of the Alps:

I suppose most of us, from French romances, or some equally reliable source, have a vague impression of the simplicity and unworldly innocent nature of the dwellers in the Alps. We picture a beautiful pastoral life of people unspoiled by the world, and those mighty works of nature—quiescent shepherds in broad Swiss meadows, and Chamois hunters, who talk in simple rustic style. The truth is, however, they are one of the sharpest people on the earth; they altogether outdo the Yankees in "making capital" of their grand mountains and waterfalls. There is no glen so remote where they will not find "short cuts" of bustling Swiss scenery and paying fares. You cannot escape to a solitude, an wild, that huts boys with wooden chairs, or girls with bunches of flowers, or men with plans and drawings, do not follow you, hawking the prices in your ears. You yourself would down by wild waterfalls, to enjoy the solitary beauty by yourself, and you will not be able to sit fifteen minutes without having a polite offer made above to let out the water at so much a run!

You ascend a lofty mountain peak, with the snow around you, and the clouds beneath, and you will be sure to find rudely

facted, well-dressed boy or girl there, to beg from the stranger, where the only possible reason for giving would be that they look so happy and comfortable. Let yourselves be caught in one of the "quiescent" mountain-countrys, and you will pay a price in the morning, such as you would hardly in the best hotels of the cities.

All this is quite natural, in a country which is the highway and place of amusement for all nations, and which is poor enough itself, and is not at all to be complained of by the traveler. It is only worth knowing, as a fact. The Swiss are certainly a mercenary people, and no apology can free them, entirely, from the charge—Twenty years, faithful, they have always been ready to sell the use of their villages, to any sort of bidder. At this very moment, the worst degradation in European history, which is the unheard-of barbarism and oppression, has called forth an indignation, and appeal from a High Tory member of the English House of Commons, the *Napoleon Government*, is alone supported on the bayonets of Swiss Republicans. During my journey, I was struck with this. The whole attention of the public and the newspapers, were concentrated on the question of the Refugees—that is, whether the poor exiles from tyranny should be expelled from Switzerland, at the demand of Austria and Prussia. The result was, that in a private way, every one of them, nearly, was safely sent, out of the country, and made in such a new home again.

APPLES FOR HUMAN FOOD.—The importance of apples, as food, has not hitherto been sufficiently understood. Besides contributing a large portion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substance, and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter as to act powerfully in the capacity of refreshment, tonic and antiscorbutic, and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the retrograde tendencies of nitrogenous food, the powers of productive labor. The operations of Cornwall in England considered apples nearly as nourishing as bread, more so than potatoes. In the year 1810, a year of scarcity, apples instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor and the laborers asserted that they could stand to their work on baked apples without meat, whereas a potatoe did not require either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed it is rare they sit down in the rural districts without them in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The laborers and mechanics depend on them to a very great extent, as an article of food, and frequently on sliced apples and bread. Several, with rice, red-cabbage, carrots, &c. by themselves with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious diet. If our friends will only provide themselves with plenty of choice fruit, we will venture that not one man, woman or child, in fifty would care for animal flesh to eat. Who doubts for a moment that many scrofulous and other diseases are traceable to a meat diet? It is well known that much of the meat we eat is in a diseased state when slaughtered, and its effects may well be imagined. Yet your fruit is always in a healthy state, and cannot generate disease in the human body; but it has a diluting, purifying and renovating tendency.—*Water Cure Journal*.

A MATRIMONIAL EXTRAORDINARY.—Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood up before him. "Well, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ax me such a question as that." "Do you think that I'd be such a playful fool as to go to the law hunt, and take this gal from the gutter?" "Fie! if I wasn't conspurciously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your bizness."

THE COOLEST MAN.—Of all cool self-possessed men, the Printer stands pre-eminent. Surrounded by Editors, Authors, Professors, Bankers, Merchants, Manufacturers and Mechanics, all in the highest state of irritability in consequence of their various and repeated disappointments; the Printer with smiling, placid countenance, calmly surveys his ruffled customers, and successively gives to each an unresponsive and soothing answer—assuring them that his failure to keep his engagements, has been occasioned by certain unforeseen or unavoidable circumstances, disappointments or disasters, the like of which never before has occurred and never will occur again.

CONT.—There was "once upon a time, an old piff-er-down case," upon whom all the far and near were charged, when any loss was discovered. The fellow bore the universal "onus" patiently for a time but finding that in some instances, he was suffering from the sins of others, he issued a "Caution to the Public," in the usual form: "I hereby forbid all persons, from this date on, to sit on my account and risk. I am no longer accountable for their responses, as I have more than I can answer for my own!" Slightly gilded that to our conception.

The new editor of the *Boston Pathfinder*, Mr. A. E. Newton, throws a heavy brick at the New-Yorkers; says if he doesn't, The New-Yorkers are in a bad way. They're exactly children, which poor people cannot afford to enter, and thus obstruct the way to Heaven by their love of show; and now we learn that they are removing his obstruction! "Hell Gate," at the public expense! The latter passage was spoken of several hundred years ago, as being "wide," but it seems to have been found unprofitable to accommodate the increasing travel from Gotham.

The editor of the Iowa Statesman says in a late paper: "Not much editorial this week—can't help it—another bouncing big run in this shanty—only happens once a year!"

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A PRISONER.—F. Holt escaped from the Trenton, N. J. jail on Monday in a remarkable manner. The prisoner, the state Gazette says, occupied one of the lower cells in the middle wing. He had taken up a part of the floor of his cell and dug down a perpendicular depth of seven feet. The foundation wall is about six feet below the surface. He hoisted under the wall, and up to the surface of the ground on the outside. This brought him from the yard of the prison. Then, by means of a ladder made of pieces of rope and bedding, and the shafts from the bottom of his bunk, with hooks on the end made of nails, he scaled the outside wall, and had to throw the ladder to the top. The hooks caught in the coping; and after reaching the top, he reversed his ladder and let himself down on the outside. A course of stone laid immediately under the floor of the cell, was removed, put on his bunk, and carefully covered over with the bedding. The digging was performed with a bed-screw, and thin pieces of board were used for shoveling up the dirt. All the dirt thrown out on the cell floor was put there on Sunday after six o'clock in the evening—the hour at which the cells were fastened for the night. After he got down some five feet, he made a ladder to get in and out of the hole with the dirt in a pail, to which he had a rope attached. After getting the pail full, he came up with stones in his hands, and having deposited them carefully on the floor pulled up the pail full of earth. Every thing had to be done with great caution, as the least noise would reverberate through the corridor and would be heard by the watchman. Before he left he composed a poetic effusion of four lines, and on the wall he painted with charcoal and red chalk a variety of handsome figures; underneath the principal one, which represented a beautiful target, he drew, in letters—"Liberty's wanted by every body."—*H. and P. Express*.

NETTING FOR LADIES.—Nothing is now followed with so much ardor as a female accomplishment, that one would think there is a great deal of net profit to be derived from it. "The ladies' periodicals are full of instructions to this new popular art, and we have seen a couple of closely printed columns devoted to directions for netting a mitten."

We had some thoughts of endeavoring to furnish the necessary instructions for netting a gentleman's nightcap, but we found that we should not have room for more than half of it, and that the tassel, at all events would have to stand over till next week, and perhaps be continued in a remoter Pocket Book.

Being desirous of furnishing some instruction in Netting to our female readers, we have thought of something within our compass, and beg leave to before them, our *Directions for Netting a Husband*.—Take as many inches as are within your reach, and get the softest materials you can to work upon. Go on with your netting as fast as ever you can work your material about with your meshes until you find you can turn it round your finger and thumb with the utmost facility. Let your netting-needles be very sharp, thread them as double to prevent them from breaking, and we may observe, that sicken ringlets are exceedingly well as thread, when the work in hand is the netting of a husband. Always employ the brightest colors you can, and the final operation will be the joining together, which should be neatly finished off with a marriage knot, and the husband will be completely netted.—*Touch*.

GRATITUDE.—The Gazette man at Kalamazoo has a grateful heart. He winds up a stirring appeal to his delinquent subscribers, in the course of which he says he has not realized a cent from his subscription in many weeks, by the following handsome retraction:

P. S. We stop the press to announce a quarter of mutton, the sheep having been killed by the dogs, and the subscriber's family being squeamish about such things, he thought he would bring it to the printer! Now won't we feast a day or two? The boys are into the types with new vigor. Go it ye half starved ones, there's a "good time a coming!"

SEEING THE PROCESSION.—A number of persons who came into town from the country, to see the procession on Friday met with a ludicrous contempt on the occasion. For want of better quarters, they took up lodgings in the new jail, where they found excellent bed and board in spite of some walls and iron bars. Unluckily while dispatching their breakfast on Friday morning the door of their apartment accidentally swung to and shut them up with a spring lock, as safe as a thief in a mill. The jailer having gone to see the show, they were kept in tantalizing incarceration during the most interesting part of the performance. A pitiful-hearted individual who had their moral supplication to be let out, comforted them with this assurance. "Well I'll go to the show, and if I can't find the jailer I'll come back and tell you all about it!" We would rather think these unlucky captives will not soon forget the *Jailers*.—*Boston Courier*.